

The Liberalist

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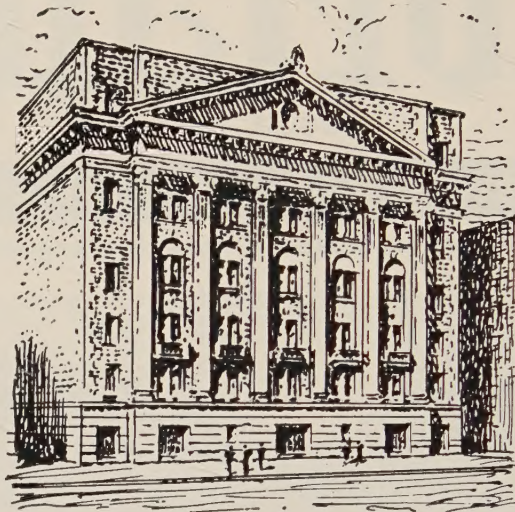
Number 5

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



Have you watched the moon drift out from the shore
Like a boat on a Gypsy ride,
With a gentle dip to her crescent's tip,
And a light on her starboard side?

(From The Lake of Stars—Collected Poetry of
Francesca Falk Miller)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"

"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—\$1.00

"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear"

"Courage For Today"

"Life and You"

"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Sunday, 9th June.

MY FIRST THOUGHT on awaking early this morning was, "I wonder what the weather will be." I had hoped for a pleasant June day and my hopes were fulfilled.

I am writing these words on "The Pacemaker" of the New York Central, rolling along to New York. My heart is filled with gratitude for the memories I shall take with me as I cross the Atlantic. It has been a day which will linger with me as long as life lasts.

June and I stopped for Mrs. Joseph Beck and Mrs. W. A. Winbaugh and took them to church with us. Both are dear friends and are active in the church and Woman's Club. Mrs. Winbaugh fell at the Friends of Literature dinner in April, breaking her ankle, and has been in a cast ever since. There is hardly a Sunday when we do not take someone to church. If more people who drive to church would bring some older person or someone who does not own a car, the service would mean much more to that listener. All bus and street car transportation in Chicago is inadequate on Sundays. Try doing this some Sunday.

We had one of the largest congregations I can ever remember on a closing Sunday. I stood for over an hour after church saying "Good-bye." What a rewarding experience it is to have people express so feelingly what the church means to them.

I have felt for a long time that our church was closed for too long a period in the summer. Next year we hope to close only for the month of August, and even may consider holding services

every Sunday in the year. This year we are not closing the church school except in August and shall re-open it the third Sunday in September. Neighborhood conditions near our church have changed drastically in the last few years and not many of our families leave for the summer after school is out, as families did some years ago. The immediate neighborhood of the church is not on the same economical level as in times past. The church has a responsibility to our community and we must meet the challenge. I am sure we will.

After the good-byes were all said June and I, with Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Kredler as our guests, drove to Vasa Park, five miles south of Elgin, Illinois, where I addressed a large gathering of Swedish people who were observing a day devoted to outdoor enjoyment and honoring the great Vasa organization. Folk dances, choirs, choruses, a delicious Swedish dinner and a speaking program comprised the events.

I shared the platform with the Honorable Mr. Casey, a member of the Illinois legislature. I never enjoy speaking out-of-doors, but today was an exception. The amplifiers were working perfectly and the people crowded close to the platform. They estimated 5,000 people were present.

We were shown the traditional Swedish hospitality. As I said "Tonight at 7:15 I am leaving for Sweden," the crowd reaction was significant. There were "Ohs" and sighs everywhere and a burst of applause. Probably more than any other people who come to America, the Swedish people make frequent voyages to the homeland.

They never make a complete break with the home ties.

This will be my third visit to Sweden and on every occasion I run into Chicagoans of Swedish descent all over Sweden. They are devoted to America, they make excellent citizens, their crime record in America is one of the lowest, and though loving America they demonstrate that they need not forget their homeland. I am looking forward to my Swedish visit as I am to the ones to Norway and Denmark.

After the Vasa Park engagement we drove to the Sovereign Hotel where I was fifteen minutes late for a wedding. Sunday afternoon traffic made it almost impossible to maintain my schedule. The wedding party were most understanding and it was a joyous occasion.

Immediately after the wedding we went to the LaSalle Station, where I left at 7:15 tonight on "The Pace-maker" for New York. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Kredler of our church went with us to Elgin and remained with June and me until I left. Because of school duties June cannot join me until the 2nd of July, when we meet again in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, and she will accompany me on the rest of the journey, which I shall tell you about in a later issue.

As the train started slowly out of the station my heart was both sad and glad. The year's work is over and I am looking forward to meeting old friends in Ireland, England, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, but I am leaving behind the people I love and the church I serve.

After dinner and an hour's rest in the lounging car I retired to my berth. For a long time this evening I have been thinking about many things. One does that when nostalgia and weariness hang heavy upon one's heart. Although I have been given a long life, a wonder-

ful church, myriads of friends and memories of loved ones, my face is always turned toward the tomorrows of life. To my last breath I want to keep growing, and my every wish is for the future and the perpetuity of our church.

This morning, when I made the announcement about maintaining a summer session for our church school, there was widespread approval. Another announcement which was received with universal acclaim was the coming of the Reverend Virgil Kraft as the assistant pastor of our church.

Mr. Kraft is a man of deep spiritual culture, an excellent speaker, has a pleasing personality, is an effective organizer, and is familiar with the problems of a Chicago church. He is on the Radio and Television Committee of the Chicago Church Federation and was formerly Chicago Correspondent for the Christian Century. He is thoroughly aware of the needs, problems and hopes of our church. Every organization will feel the impact of his personality. He knows the City of Chicago and has a part in many civic enterprises.

He established the chapel services for the students of Northwestern University on the Chicago campus. During my absence he will carry the full pastoral duties. He is available for funerals, weddings and sick calls. No member of the church need feel neglected while I am away.

His formal presentation as my assistant will be made at the opening service on the 15th of September. Let us give him the usual gracious reception which is traditional with the Peoples Church.

Our student for the ministry, Mr. Rex Styzens, now in his academic career at Meadville Theological Seminary, University of Chicago, will also be with us in the work of our church

school. Mr. Styzens is a product of our own school and church and is the fifth young man to enter the ministry from our church.

I feel the church is entering its most effective period. Let us all co-operate in making this hope a reality. Thinking these thoughts, I am going to turn out my light and go to sleep, with a prayer of gratitude for my church and my loved ones, and a hope for a safe and inspiring trip in the weeks ahead.

Monday, 10th June.

I woke up early this morning, just as we were leaving Rochester, New York. I had a good night's rest. Whenever I am arriving in New York on the New York Central, I always enjoy the ride along the historic Hudson River. All the morning I sat glued to my Pullman window, watching the ever-changing beauty of one of the world's great streams of water. There was not much river traffic but the view along the Hudson is always inspiring. Historic West Point and the grim walls of Sing Sing recall many personalities—good and bad—who have had roles in this great American drama. On arrival, precisely on time, in the great Grand Central Station, I was met by Mr. William Froelich, formerly of Chicago and of our church and now a resident of New York. He is now a Sales Engineer with Aircraft Marine Products Company. He informed me immediately that he had two fine seats in the minister's section of the Madison Square Garden for the Billy Graham Crusade. Before leaving Chicago I had planned to attend the Billy Graham meeting tonight, but had no idea I would be given a seat in the section reserved for ministers.

It was an interesting experience. We were in our seats at 7:00 o'clock. By 7:30 more than 12,000 were present, but the Garden was far from filled.

Cliff Barrows was holding a warm-up for the 2,000 people in the choir. I cannot take the space here to write of my impressions, but on my way across the Atlantic I am going to write a special article of the evening. Watch for it. I am too close to the experience to give it proper evaluation.

After the luncheon today we walked down Fifth Avenue—one of the most interesting streets in the world—to lovely Central Park. One of the ways in which I relax when I am away from home is to take long walks about the unfamiliar city. In some respects and more than any city I know, New York is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. The weather was ideal. The street was filled with hurrying, busy people.

I never pass St. Patrick's Cathedral without entering. I often wish that liberal churches could find an appropriate ritualistic technique that would create the atmosphere of worship and contemplation which is so prevalent in the liturgical churches. Liberal religion needs a more artistic and esthetic environment for public worship, which would eliminate impossible theology and every vestige of fear and superstition, yet retain certain valuable emotional and esthetic values.

From St. Patrick's Cathedral we went to the beautiful St. Thomas Episcopal, a few blocks further up Fifth Avenue—just in time to see a confirmation service in the chapel conducted by the Suffragan Bishop. It was most impressive but archaic and outgrown phraseology. By the time we reached the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, where Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell is the distinguished minister, the church was closed. It was nearly five o'clock. Perhaps that was the reason. I wanted to visit the church where the great Dr. John H. Jowett and

Dr. John H. Kelman had preached.

We walked into Central Park as far as the new Wollman Theatre Under the Stars, which opened tonight. It is an attractive outdoor theatre, built in a natural amphitheatre-like location, not far from the entrance to Central Park at South Avenue and Central Park South. There are 4,000 seats and the best of music and ballet will be presented.

Central Park remains the same from year to year. It is not being carved up and increasingly stolen from the people by new, fast motor lanes. I live in Chicago near Lincoln Park and it won't be long now before that historic and much loved park will be nothing more than a speedway, so the North Shore crowd will not be late for dinner. I wish it could have been preserved as I knew it when a boy, sixty years ago.

After the Billy Graham meeting we walked to car-park, and drove to Port Washington on Long Island, arriving about midnight. It is a thrilling ride through the Lincoln Tunnel into the highway on Long Island. Port Washington is about 25 miles from New York and is situated on the North Shore of Long Island, on Manhasset Bay, which is a part of Long Island Sound. A full golden moon was shining brilliantly from a deep azure sky. The picturesque Froelich home is surrounded by stately trees, blooming honeysuckle vines clinging gracefully to charming brick walls. When I turn out my bedside light in a few minutes, sleep may be difficult, because it is so quiet! Not a city sound is audible. At the close of a busy day, the peace and serenity of this moment I cherish deeply.

Tuesday, 11th June.

I was awakened early this morning by a robin! It was such a pleasant way to begin what has been a most reward-

ing and interesting day. The room in which I slept overlooked the yard and garden of an old English-type house and surroundings. I could easily imagine I was somewhere in rural England. The home where I am a guest at Port Washington, Long Island, was the former home of Clarence Budington Kelland, the author.

I called Junie in Chicago this morning and was glad to hear her voice. I shall not see her again until we meet in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in England, on the 2nd of July. We leave the next day for Bergen, Norway, sailing across the North Sea in a little ship called the "Venus." The North Sea is usually quite rough, but that never disturbs us for we are good sailors. Neither of us has ever been seasick—but "there is always a first time," as the old cliché says.

In all the many times I have been in New York, only once before have I ever visited Long Island. Several years ago I lectured at Montauk, which is located on the tip of Long Island, facing the Atlantic. I went out by the Long Island Railroad from New York but saw very little of this beautiful and picturesque Island. Mr. Froelich, my host, has only lived in Long Island for about a year, but has become so zealous over the Island one would think he had spent his entire life here. We left about noon and did not return until nearly midnight and every mile of it was a joy. The weather was ideal—sunny skies and gentle winds, and not too warm.

Our first stop was to call on Miss Priscilla Sousa, the daughter of John Philip Sousa, the composer and band director. During World War I, I had spoken several times at meetings where Mr. Sousa and his famous Great Lakes Naval Band were playing. Last year when June and I were in the Caribbean

we met Miss Sousa and had several happy days aboard the "Mauretania." She lives in the attractive old home overlooking the waters of Long Island Sound. She is one of the most charming persons I know. She loves to travel and had just returned from Europe when I called. We recalled the days on shipboard and many incidents in the life of her distinguished father, then on through winding roads, lined with glorious trees and restful countryside. I passed Tony Martin's home, Perry Como's and the notorious Frank Costello's. From there, to visit a place I have wanted to see for years. Theodore Roosevelt was the first President of the United States I had ever seen. It was many years ago. I was a school boy. He was giving the Commencement Address for what was then Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing — now Michigan State University. I wanted to see him and hear him. I hitch-hiked about 32 miles from Linden to Lansing—and this in the horse and buggy days—before Henry Ford put Americans on wheels. Arriving in Lansing I found that the President was to visit the State Capitol building. I went over to the Capitol, climbed a tree bordering the street he would come down. He came down the avenue riding in a victoria, drawn by a pair of prancing horses. He was standing, waving his hat first to one side then the other. As he passed practically under the tree where I was perched, I shouted down to him, "Hello, Teddy!" He looked up at me gave his famous smile, and shouted back, "How's the weather up there, sonny?" I nearly fell out of the tree. A President of the United States had spoken to me! From that moment until the day of his death he was my idol. You can easily imagine my feelings when today I visited his home on Sagamore Hill and stood at his grave

in the Oyster Bay Cemetery. I had the good fortune to meet Mrs. Marshall, a charming, hospitable lady, who is the curator at Sagamore Hill. The home and estate are now the property of the Theodore Roosevelt Association.

I saw Theodore Roosevelt at a meeting in the LaSalle Hotel in Chicago. He was shot that evening in Milwaukee. After going through the home we went a short distance to his grave. He rests on the hilltop in the family plot, in the Oyster Bay Cemetery.

I have never seen a more appropriate place for a great naturalist to rest. A tree-lined path leads to his grave. Birds were plenteous in the thick shrubbery surrounding it. Beside him rests Mrs. Roosevelt, who was older than her illustrious husband and who outlived him many years. There are only two graves in the plot. A plain marble slab with just the names stands above them. There is no reference to his ever being President or any other statement concerning his life. Only the words "Theodore Roosevelt" are chiseled there. No more are needed. History will always cherish him and I am convinced the whole trend of history would have been changed had he been elected in 1912. Perhaps there would never have been World War I.

Visiting Sagamore Hill and standing at his grave brought back to me many memories. The first addresses I ever made, outside of our own pulpit, when I first came to Chicago were made for the Progressive Campaign in 1912. I was not ashamed of him then and I have never regretted supporting him. In 1916 Woodrow Wilson was re-elected on the platform, "He kept us out of war." Some of us cannot forget 1917. There were some qualities about Theodore Roosevelt I did not admire. I never accepted his hunting career.

(Continued on page 11)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

EVERY individual reading these lines, including the writer of them, is the result of decisions he has made through his lifetime. If you and I had the opportunity to sit down together in a confidential, intimate manner, and you were to tell me the important decisions of your life, and I were to tell you the important decisions of my life, we would both see how true this is. You made up your mind about something and that decision directed the course of your life.

Sometimes in the early, formative years of our lives we can make the wrong decisions, although at the time we might think they were right. And then life comes piling up on top of us and we realize we made the wrong decision. But the most hopeful thing about life is that the wrong decisions we have made through the years need not be fatal and need not be final! There is always in every life the opportunity of beginning again; and wrong decisions can be rectified. With maturity there comes judgment and none of us need permanently suffer because we made the wrong decisions. If you believe you have made wrong decisions, stop now from permitting these deci-

sions to tyrannize over you. Now is the time for reconstruction and realignment.

You are the sculptor of your life. You hold in your hand the chisel and you can work at the marble of life and produce either something of loveliness and permanent beauty, or it can be ugly and mean—never forget, you are the sculptor.

The great Paganini was one time playing before Napoleon in the early part of the eighteenth century. The artistry of the great violinist was never more beautifully portrayed, when suddenly, in the midst of his number two strings of his violin broke. He stopped with embarrassment and with apology to the Emperor. The Emperor's sister turned to Paganini and said: "Paganini, you could play on one string and it would be beautiful." Paganini took the suggestion. He went home and wrote his beautiful "Melody for the G String." One string!

All the strings of life may break but one. That one is the unbreakable string of faith: first, faith in yourself, then faith in man, which together mean faith in God. That is undefeatable.

"DR. SCHWEITZER AND RADIATION"

Sermon by **DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
June 2, 1957

Bible Reading: First Epistle of Peter:

Be ye, therefore, all of one mind,
having compassion one on another,
loving as brethren . . .

Poem: "The Hour Has Struck," by
Angela Morgan:

Now let the people stand and take
great heed—

The time is ripe for the immortal deed,
The call is loud for the untrammelled
man

To execute God's plan. . . .

I HOLD in my hand here a copy of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, a magazine that those of us who are interested in literature never miss. This copy is the issue of May 18, 1957, and the importance of this issue is that *The Saturday Review of Literature* is the only newspaper and the only magazine published in the United States of America which contained the entire script—every sentence and every word—of the great document which Dr. Albert Schweitzer sent to the Nobel Prize Committee in Oslo, and which was released to the world! The only newspaper or magazine in the United States that published the complete article!

And I don't know any way for the people of the United States to become informed as to the contents of Dr. Albert Schweitzer's article and his position in this matter of radiation and its ultimate effect upon the physical structure of the human being than to read this article. I hope it will be reprinted! I hope it will be available to all! If I can get permission—and I think I can—from Dr. Schweitzer and

from *The Saturday Review of Literature*, we are going to publish the entire article in our own *Liberalist*! I want the hundreds who subscribe to our magazine, and the many, many hundreds who are members of our church, to read every word of this article!

I only wish that I had the time to read to you the article itself and make no other comments or preach no other sermon about it! The article speaks for itself! And if you are confused, as the entire world is confused, as the scientists are confused—and they are confused—there is no unanimity at all between the scientists anywhere in the world, as to the final and ultimate effect of radiation upon humanity—read the article!

And this question will remain a controversial question for, probably, many years to come; if civilization is spared long enough, it will still remain a controversial question! And it is rather a sad note, in connection with Dr. Schweitzer and his work, that Mrs. Schweitzer, who had been his companion and his loyal helpmate, sharing life with him from the earliest beginnings of his work, in the little village of Strassburg in Alsace-Lorraine, just yesterday passed on! And I know it will be a distinct shock to Dr. Schweitzer to lose the companion who has shared with him the greatness of these years!

Now, what about Dr. Schweitzer and Radiation? The reason I have chosen to speak on this subject is not because I am an authority on it, because I'm not; it's not because I understand from a technical, scientific point of view the

principle of nuclear energy, because I do not; and it is not because I make any pretense of being an expert on international relations or that I, perhaps, have any conception, myself, of the magnitude of this matter, but because I want, for a moment or two, to be realistic and to look at this whole problem in terms of its depth and of rationalizing the problem!

As I travel about this country I talk with people in every strata of life, meeting them on all levels. I have been trying in these past two or three weeks, and will in the week which is ahead of me, to speak to as many people, personally, as it is possible and get their reactions! And it has been astounding to me that there are so many people who haven't the remotest idea of what radiation means; who haven't the remotest conception of how it involves their own future and their own lives, who are simply reacting in a very unusual way in the presence of the greatest impending danger that civilization has ever had to face! And that is exactly what it is!

If you are not sufficiently realistic that you can stand this kind of thinking, which involves the destiny of a race, you are living in a blind alley! If we think that our little, temporary existence and our little, temporary problems and our little, temporary anxieties and our temporary pleasures and plans—if we are so enrapt in them that we cannot share the significance of this hour with all the rest of mankind, we're just ostriches! We are burying ourselves in the sand! And we will be wholly intellectually and spiritually unprepared to meet the test which is inevitable in the tomorrow of life!

The greatest power in a democracy is public opinion! There is no greater power than public opinion! And the newspaper and the lecturer and the commentator and the preacher and the

teacher and all those who have the opportunity, and the responsibility of creating public opinion are more powerful than any bank or any financier; they are more powerful than any President; they are more powerful than any Congress! The most powerful institution and personality in a democratic society is the institution or the personality that creates public opinion! Public opinion! For public opinion always leads to a decision, and a decision always leads to a destiny, and it is destiny, now, in which we are all involved!

And it is interesting to observe that only in the last two weeks England and the United States are beginning to catch up with—they are nowhere near overtaking—the public opinion which is being expressed by the people of Japan in this matter of radiation. For Japan, and all the people in it, are aroused today as they have never been aroused before—never! And they are aroused because they are immediately reacting to the experimentation of nuclear energy! And it is no longer conjectural that the blasts near Christmas Island—think of it, “Christmas” Island—have been wafted over the people of Japan, and the people now are beginning to assert themselves—which Japan has never done before—and they are leading the world in public opinion on this matter!

The Americans, up until this moment, are taking it all for granted with their customary and traditional attitude that “nothing can happen to us,” that we are perfectly secure; and with Russia, today, possessing submarines—more than six hundred of them—many of which have been operating in American waters and are capable of releasing underwater missiles that could destroy the United States in one initial attack! That is not a conjecture—the information is available to

any who seek it! That is not a theory—it is a reality!

The fact is that the experimentation continues, in spite of the awful verdict of history that one of these days somebody is going to find out who can win an atomic war—history is filled with such finalities. There is the further fact of the effect of radiation on the earth in the pollution of the grain and grasses which cattle eat and which finally manifests itself in the milk which children drink, which finally results—and in this scientists are all agreed, that the direct effect of radiation is carcinoma of the marrow (cancer of the bone), affecting the whole process of procreation, so that men and women now have been proven to have been made sterile and can no longer project the species of the race, because of the contaminations of radiation!

Public opinion must soon begin to assert itself in Great Britain and the United States and unite with Japan, though the peoples continue this attitude that “no sincerity can come out of Russia”—and her history is bad; she’s lied and broken every treaty and broken faith with every nation that’s ever made one with her! In that I agree thoroughly with the President

of the United States that knowing well that fact, as revealed by her own political history, we must keep every door open and we must find a way—and I believe that the London Conference is finding that way! That meeting, which will be held this week, is a meeting which may involve the destiny of the world, for we must find a way in which aerial investigation can be made of Siberia, of Alaska and of every other disputed territory in which the suspicions of nations are directed against each other, so that we cannot trust each other; moment by moment, hour by hour, if we can just get a little wedge in anywhere long enough for the world to become realistic, so that the nations and the peoples of the world will become sufficiently realistic, that they know a common destiny is involved and that to save not only the world, but ourselves, we must find a way to stop immediately every bomb and nuclear experiment in Britain, in the United States and in Russia, for these three great powers are the only powers that can do it now! Decency, rationalization, realism, as well as the Spirit of God, demands that civilization, if it is to live, must find a way to live together!

ALONG THE WAY

(Continued from page 7)

Killing for sport has always been revolting to me. I have never owned a gun and never will. The Indians never killed for sport—only for food.

We stopped at a quaint eating place called “The Three Villages” for dinner. It is a lovely old place and early 18th century; formerly an old home, situated on the water front. One of my favorite salt-water fish for eating is Flounder, and I never tasted better or more properly prepared. I never

touch anything fried. It would be a pity to fry Flounder, or any kind of fish. A broiled fish is more delectable and far better for you. One of the most dangerous things in America, and the instigator of many stomach conditions, is the American frying-pan. Americans would have better health if that cooking utensil were “cast into the sea.”

(Dr. Bradley’s article will be continued in the September Liberalist)

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

(This article is published by permission of the Belfast Telegraph. It was written by Dr. D. Frazer-Hurst, now retired, formerly Minister of the Elwood Presbyterian Church of Belfast, Ireland, and with whom Dr. Bradley spends some pleasant hours every Summer. Dr. Frazer-Hurst had entitled it "Independence Day," but as we were not able to publish it in the July issue, we are retaining the title the Editor of the Belfast Telegraph gave it, July 7, 1956.)

WHEN the former President of the United States, Mr. Harry Truman, was in London lately, receiving the public honours he so fully deserved, he stated with impressive earnestness his belief that the continued friendship of Great Britain with America was absolutely necessary to the continuance and stability of the free world. That this is true no one will dispute, but it would be little more than a pious platitude if there did not exist between us the same fundamental conceptions of freedom and justice. The different ideals, aims and political theories which separate the world today, have the effect of drawing together those that are like-minded. The differences of opinion that arise between friends are not more than the wind-driven ripples on a river which may sometimes create the illusion that the current has changed its direction.

Mr. Truman on another occasion during his visit remarked that this fundamental unity of ideals could have no better illustration than the fact that Britain has "erected a statue to the General who defeated her armies in the field." It is certain that no rancour survives in British minds against George Washington, for the dust of that unhappy war has long settled, and today we recognize that he was fighting for those fundamental conceptions of liberty and justice which had suffered temporary eclipse, but

which are our common heritage and continuing inspiration.

Another interesting illustration of this fact may be seen in the memorial plaque to the Rev. John Witherspoon which was unveiled in 1955 at the little known town of Gifford in East Lothian, by Sir James Millar, a former Lord Provost of Edinburgh. The ceremony took place at the time of the Edinburgh Festival and was particularly interesting to the American visitors, for the Rev. John Witherspoon, who was born at Gifford in 1723, was the first Moderator of the American Presbyterian Church, and the only clergyman to sign the American Declaration of Independence in 1776. A statue to this courageous minister stands outside the National Presbyterian Church in Washington, the beautiful building in which President Eisenhower worshipped and of which he is a member.

Dr. Witherspoon signed the Declaration because he believed the stand the colonists were making was justified and necessary. The Declaration itself is America's Charter of Freedom, and the Fourth of July, 1776, when it was signed on behalf of the thirteen existing States, is the most honoured date in the history of the nation. As "Independence Day" it is celebrated every year by a public holiday, services, speeches and general rejoicing.

This great day in the American calendar occurred during the past week,

and was duly celebrated in all parts of the world. The British people have long ceased to feel any resentment at these commemorations. We have no quarrel with the independence which arises from a positive belief in equal rights for all, and from a firm conviction

that the happiness and well-being of mankind is the only good reason for government. To see this clearly and to state it firmly is the great merit of the Declaration of Independence, and it makes "the Fourth of July" a date of universal significance.



BOOK CHATS

THOSE who love mountains and have climbed them; those who stay at home and look at pictures of mountains, and those who have no interest in mountains at all, but enjoy "spoofing" will enjoy *The Ascent of Rum Doodle*, by W. E. Bowman (Vanguard Press, \$2.95).

The author believes that life is the unique opportunity to do something unique, and he has done just that in this book. One of his hobbies is "mountain walking," with an accent on walking.

"With a face as straight as an Alpine stick, a wit as pointed as a snow ax, and humor as rarefied as the air at 40,000 feet, W. E. Bowman takes us on a perilous expedition to climb the world's highest mountain."

Jungle, the route finder, forgot to release the catch on his compass; Burley suffered from recurring bouts of Alpine lassitude; Shute, the photographer, let the light get at his exposed films! In spite of it all, Binder, the leader, directed his assault with unsurpassed dignity.

You will be in another world entirely while reading this book—a world of delightful entertainment, where the greater the attempt to be dignified, the more uproarious will be your laughter.

Certainly you couldn't do better for summer entertainment than to pur-

chase *The Ascent of Rum Doodle*, a tall story indeed.

* * *

According to stories of parents waiting in line for the chance to enroll their child in the first year of school, we do not seem to be at a loss for children in this country at the present time. If you were to visit St. Vincent's Orphanage or The Cradle, or any of the orphanages around the city, you would encounter plenty of babies and small children needing homes. It is the parents wanting to adopt the children who seem to be needed. Yet how often does one hear of childless parents who are kept waiting, waiting, waiting for the child they are anxious to adopt.

A long time ago we reviewed in these columns *The Family Nobody Wanted*, by Helen Doss. In it she told of their experiences. They are the parents of twelve adopted children, all of whom were at the time of their adoption considered "unadoptable," primarily because of mixed race. Pioneers in the adoption of children of mixed blood, the Dosses became experts (and eventually lecturers) on adoption in general, during the years it took them to acquire their lively family. In the former book she related the story of their adoption experiences. In a new book, *If You Adopt a Child*, by Carl
(Continued on page 16)

City of Chicago
Incorporated 4th March, 1837

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

CITY OF CHICAGO

April 22, 1957

Dr. Preston Bradley
Peoples Church of Chicago
941 West Lawrence Avenue
Chicago 40, Illinois
Dear Dr. Bradley:

Recognizing our responsibility in all fields which affect the welfare of our people, we arranged a program to officially mark Pan American Week—April 8 to April 14, 1957—and to honor the member countries of that Union.

At a Military Review, participated in by units of the United States Army, Marine Corps, Navy and Air Force, the flags of the twenty-one countries of the Pan American Union were carried and the heads of the consular missions in Chicago received honors.

Following the Review, a Reception was held at which the consul generals and consuls of the Latin American section of the Chicago Consular Corps were guests of honor. Several hundred prominent Chicagoans were in attendance.

On that occasion, the Honorable Augusto Castellanos-Cediles, Consul General of Guatemala in Chicago, elected by his colleagues to speak for the entire Latin American Corps, made what I believe to be the most significant talk ever delivered on Chicago-Latin American relations.

I consider this of sufficient import to ask you to read the enclosed copy of the Consul General's address. I believe much remains to be done to bring about a closer association with our neighbors to the south.

Sincerely,
RICHARD J. DALEY
Mayor

Enclosure

Chicago-Latin American Relations

**Address of the HONORABLE AUGUSTO CASTELLANOS-CEDILES,
Consul General of Guatemala in Chicago**

MR. MAYOR, Members of the Council, Ladies and Gentlemen: I feel greatly honored to have been chosen by a group of my colleagues of Latin America to present to you this testimony of gratitude on the occasion of this magnificent homage to the Countries of the Organization of American States.

Today, when so many are distracted and overwhelmed by tensions in distant lands, or preoccupied by the daily routine of a busy life, in the hope or belief that we are each independent of what happens elsewhere, it is indeed reassuring and significant that the great city of Chicago, the second largest of the United States, should take time out of its busy and industrious day to recognize and pay tribute to Pan Americanism to honor Pan American Day as symbolical of our historical ties, and our mutual dependence among the 21 American Nations, together with the realization of the brilliant future that the age of full development of the vast resources and potentials of the New World will spell out for our citizens of Chicago and of all the Americas.

We believe this ceremony to be of outstanding importance from many points of view, indeed, we are firmly convinced that much time will go by before the entire significance of this act can be fully realized.

In the first place this is a public recognition to the Pan American Union, by far the oldest of international organizations of its kind, and in my belief, the most effective one. This act of recognition to the Pan American Union and to the Organization of the

American States, is particularly in order, since these Institutions do not attract much public attention due to the quietness of their operation.

The true spirit of Pan Americanism was inspired by two great men, Simon Bolivar to whom on this occasion we would like to pay homage for his efforts to unite the Countries of America during the fifteen years of relentless war in the emancipation of the Northern part of the South American Continent, which culminated in the Congress of Panama, assembled in June 22nd, 1826, at Panama City, and which was in reality the pedestal on which the Pan American Doctrine was erected, and President Monroe to whom we also pay homage on this occasion for his efforts in trying to make Pan Americanism a reality.

The Western Hemisphere Nations in their Organization of the American States have for the first time in history implemented the basic Bill of Rights and extended it to the rights and juridical equality and sovereignty of Nations, as an example to the rest of the world; that in our short time of existence as free Nations we have had in this New World more years of peace and friendly relations than any other region of the world; and the great example of the Pan American Union and the Organization of American States has served as guide to the world as a whole.

At this time the population of the Nations' members of the Organization of American States is 340 million people, 170 million in Latin America and 170 million in the United States of America. According to calculations

based on statistics, by 1977, or 20 years hence, the population of the United States will be 235 million and that of Latin America 310 million, or a combined population of 545 million persons. It should also be noted that the Latin American countries not only have been increasing in population at a higher rate, but what is most important, they have achieved during the past few decades an even greater rate of increase in their standard of living.

The great mass of land of our Americas with all of its tremendous resources and marvels, with the greatest inland seas and largest rivers anywhere; our vast agricultural and industrial potential, combined with the absence of hatred which has preserved us from major wars, the natural hospitality and peacefulness of our people makes this vast continent of ours the real hope of mankind.

We also like to link the meaning of this ceremony with the significance of current and future relations between Latin America and the Chicago area, which are of great concern to all of us here.

Due to lack of statistics, an ap-

proximate estimate shows that the Latin American countries are currently buying between 1 and 1.5 billion dollars annually from the middle West. It is favored to grow with the expected population increase in the next 20 years.

The immediate future of Chicago as a seaport will make this the greatest city in the world, and this means benefit for the city as well as for all of our trade in reduced freight costs. The opening of Chicago as a seaport should increase the importance of the Midwest markets for reciprocal trade.

We believe this to be an outstanding date for Chicago and Pan Americanism. This is the first time in the history of Chicago that such honor has been made public to the flags of our countries and consequently to the people of all of the Americas. For it we are greatly appreciative to you, Mayor Daley, for your vision, foresight, and leadership. This we believe to be the beginning of a new era of our relations that should be conducive to the glory and greatness of ONE, UNITED, INDIVISIBLE AMERICA.

Book Chats

(Continued from page 13)

and Helen Doss, we are given a complete handbook for childless couples. Some of the questions the book answers are:

Why is adoption so popular today, as compared to fifty years ago?

What is the heredity of the adopted child?

Of what importance are age, finances, marital adjustment in determining a couple's chances of getting a child?

What are the legal aspects of adoption?

Can a single woman adopt a child?

How do adoptive children fit into their new homes?

What are the dangers of adoption in the "gray" or "black" market?

What are some of the alternatives for those unable to adopt?

How and where does a person adopt a child?

An entire section of the book is devoted to postadoption problems of both parents and children. There is an exclusive and invaluable appendix that lists every adoption agency in the United States and Canada, the differences in individual states in adoption procedure and law; there is also a

breakdown of Catholic, Protestant and Jewish agencies within each state.

The book brings out some of the alternatives to adoption, such as taking a foster boarding child or giving service with the Scouts or the Four-H clubs; volunteer work in children's hospital wards; helping foreign children in need. Henry Holt & Company are the publishers.

* * *

The *Bedside Treasury of Inspiration*, edited by Helen and Horace Johnson, and published by Prentice-Hall (\$4.95), is a treasure house for daily reading just before going to sleep at night.

On page 63 begins an exquisite story by Richard Harding Davis, American newspaper man and war correspondent of the 1890's. This story demonstrates in fiction the truth of a quotation on the same page from Herbert Spencer:

"Proper conduct in life is much better guaranteed when the good and evil consequences of actions are rationally understood, than when they are merely believed on authority."

There are quotations from Marcus Aurelius, Charles Lamb, John Milton, Holmes, Hardy, Hawthorne, Rossetti, Longfellow, Lowell, Keats, Shelley—more than a hundred cherished writers give you timeless insight, solace and comfort—just before you turn out the light. The book is packed with wise sayings, thoughts, and reflections of varying length. The choice sayings of the most civilized men of all ages in their everlasting search for truth and happiness are here.

There are scenes from novels; allegories and fables; extracts from sermons, speeches, letters; stanzas from poetry and complete poems. There are seventeen chapters, each devoted to a different aspect of the search for God and for happiness, stressing such topics as *The Courage That Lives Everywhere—What Is Love—First Believe—First Believe, Then Try—Count Your Blessings—The Power of Wishing—Hope Springs Eternal*. Each section begins with a keynote quotation from Norman Vincent Peale that underlines the theme of the selections that follow.



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By **ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY**

MANY years ago "Naomi" was a Northern orphan. A mid-western State sent a letter to Piney Woods School, at Piney Woods, Mississippi, concerning this little colored girl who was the only one of her group in the state orphanage. The letter stated that she was a splendid little girl but they thought she would feel more at home with her own group.

Piney Woods School accepted Naomi. She worked in the laundry, the students' kitchen, the Community House where they entertain their guests and in the offices of the school and finally she developed into a matron of their large student and faculty dining room.

When she had finished their high school and junior college, they helped

her enter Alcorn, the Mississippi State College for colored, where she used her Piney Woods education "learning by doing," cooking in the President's home.

She graduated in 1956.

During her college career at Alcorn, she met a progressive young man to whom she became engaged. After graduation they were married and today they are out in the rural districts teaching school and inspiring their people to stretch forth their hands for the "Better Life."

Says "The Pine Torch," the official newspaper of the Piney Woods School which is published quarterly, "Thinking of the effect Piney Woods School had on this one life we cannot but help realize what the writer meant who said: 'See how far that little candle throws its beam.'"

* * *

When Dr. Bradley returned from the commencement of Piney Woods School this spring, he handed me a book entitled *Miracle in Mississippi*, Laurence C. Jones of Piney Woods, by Leslie Harper Purcell, a woman who was raised near Piney Woods School. She gives the story of Professor Jones and the Piney Woods School in its full meaning and does not voice a hope but gives assurance that people of different races can work together to insure democracy through education.

Integration in the finest sense of the word has worked quietly for 30 years in Mississippi, where both Negroes and whites joined forces to support the dream of Dr. Laurence C. Jones, founder of the Piney Woods School. We previously reviewed Beth Day's *The Little Professor of Piney Woods* in *The Liberalist*. It was published in 1955. In 1956 *Miracle in Mississippi* was published by Comet Press Books, of New York. The author personally

autographed the book, as did Prof. Jones also. Dr. Jones' autograph reads: "To Dr. Preston Bradley, Chosen by our God to be a world citizen. Laurence C. Jones, Piney Woods School, Piney Woods, Miss. 1957."

We are introduced to Laurence C. Jones very early in life; to his father and mother, and his early school days. We, too, are exposed to those early influences of his life which shaped his character and pointed out to him his future career and work. The struggles of the barren early years and the meager help of kindly folk who could only bring a couple of geese as a contribution to the life of the school; or people who could bring a little lumber, and offer the brawn of willing arms and hands to turn a sheep cabin into something habitable for a winter school room are pointed up. All the kindly things done are brought out and are a joy and a satisfaction to read about. Mrs. Purcell tells us that "the singular thing was that Jones was always able to win his helpers to that exalted state of selflessness in which he constantly lived. The second year of the school there were five teachers, not a single one of whom had drawn a salary that year, but all had had a living. It was then, in 1911, that Laurence Jones received this note from Major R. W. Millsaps, Mississippi's outstanding philanthropist of that time:

"It looks like you are honestly trying to do some good in the world, and I enclose you a check for \$25 for your school."

The story includes a biography of Grace M. Allen (that part of her biography from the time she was married to Laurence Jones and worked with untiring zeal for the progress of his work). They were married in June of 1912. Grace Jones wholeheartedly accepted the educational philosophy of

her husband and put it to work in areas almost completely unexplored at that time. Laurence Jones believed in learning by doing. His students were not only taught to read and write, but to learn a trade.

Two accomplishments Grace Jones made possible were to get the Board of Education of Mississippi to correlate Negro history along with Mississippi history and United States history as taught in the schools of the state, and to provide a library as a part of every Negro public school. Her interest was always in leading the young people to an understanding of homemaking. Mrs. Ada B. Adams, County Home Economics Agent in Rankin County, speaks of Mrs. Jones in this way: "Her smiles were so sincere, so unselfish, that no student would disobey her. I never heard her raise her voice in speaking to any of the many boys and girls with whom she worked." Mrs. Grace Jones passed on in 1928.

In 1920 Doris James came to the school to help Dr. and Mrs. Jones with their many tasks. That Christmas the boys' wooden dormitory burned to the ground. This tragedy was caused by the boys building a huge pine-knot fire and then going to supper. Thus the over-crowded campus became more crowded; teachers doubled up to give their rooms to the boys, but even so some of the young men found themselves living in tents. Doris James and Mrs. Green, an elderly white woman who had come to aid in teaching at Piney Woods, were the only two white teachers at that time, and they became a part of the Jones family, living nine in a five-room house. By 1923 there were four brick buildings, all the brick made by the boys in hand molds, ten bricks at a time. Always Jones had held before the students "the dignity, the beauty, and the civilizing power of intelligent labor," just as Booker T.

Washington had done across the way in Alabama, and as Albert Schweitzer does in his educational and hospital work in Africa.

In the spring of 1935 Laurence Jones was busily working on his book *The Bottom Rail*, which is the essence of his educational philosophy. That year was a busy one for the Cotton Blossom Singers, with three housecars travelling all the time. Possibly the realm in which Mrs. Grace Jones most excelled outside of her own home, was in her work with the Cotton Blossom Singers—the group of young men and women who go on goodwill travels, North, East, West and South, giving people the opportunity to hear the hauntingly beautiful spirituals thereby making some money for the school and enlisting the support of many friends in various parts of the country. At one time she was away as long as eighteen months, looking after the nightly concerts, calling on old friends, as well as on new prospects, ever widening the Piney Woods circle. To avoid rebuffs because of color, the singers traveled in busses, in which they lived, cooking their meals and sleeping in them. Lack of space forbids our telling more of the story, but it is fascinating and appealing from beginning to the present day, when the dream is still being fashioned into reality for hundreds of people, because of one man's persistence, willingness to work, and his ability to awaken interest in others. Service to his own people, of the kind that helps them to help themselves, and his ever growing vision of greater things to come, spurs on this great little Professor of Piney Woods, Mississippi.

* * *

In Dr. Bradley's article "Along the Way" in the July number, he told us of his address at Horicon, Wisconsin, and of his visit to the Horicon Marsh.

The letter we now publish refers to that visit:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Knowing how busy you are and how many letters you receive every day, I hardly expect you to read this humble one of mine.

I was one of the members of the graduating class of Horicon High School this year, and one of the young persons who was "surprised" by your unusual commencement address!

It wasn't that I didn't expect a brilliant address, because I have heard so much about you from my mother and father, but it was the fact that every word you said seemed to hold so much meaning for me! I was so inspired that my life and way of thinking has changed completely since graduation night!

I want to thank you personally for that, Reverend, and also for paying such a wonderful tribute to my grandfather, Curly Radke! He's been gone for such a long time that people have forgotten how much he did for this community. I'm so happy that you remembered!

I would like to extend a special thank you from my entire graduating class and also from the City of Horicon for honoring us with your visit. I can't explain it, but your words were like a lamp to everyone! Myself, very much included. I am only sorry that all the future classes of Horicon will not have the opportunity to be inspired, and given such faith through the words of one man, as the class of '57!

My deepest gratitude to a worthwhile servant of God.

Sincerely,
Sarah Frances Ulmer,
Horicon, Wisconsin.

* * *

We hope many of the members who read the following letter from the Secretary of the Channing Club, for young

adults of high school and college age, will alert any young people they know to the fact that we have such a group in the Peoples Church, and will interest them in contacting the Secretary and planning to visit the club in the fall. Mr. Ruden can notify you of any activities planned during the summer.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It is my pleasure to report, as Secretary of the Channing Club, on the progress being made by this group toward becoming an important organization in our church. Perhaps some of your readers of college or high school age will want to become friends with the people in this group.

We have grown up a little since last year. Last year the purpose of the group was primarily to be a group of young people who met in homes of the various members to visit, play group games, and sometimes to do a little dancing. The group was small, sometimes not more than ten persons would be at any one meeting.

Most of this same group is still with the present group; a few have moved, and others have drifted away because of obligations and interests elsewhere. Three young married couples, two who have been married in the past year, including yours truly, now take active part.

Now added to this old group is a large number of people who never came to a meeting until 1957. We are now meeting every first and third Sunday in Anderson Hall in our church basement after the evening service. Few of the members' homes could accommodate all who come. We have had a planned program at each of our meetings for some time now, something we did not usually have before. One week, for the first time to my knowledge and I hope not the last, we had a discussion period on "Segregation." Nearly every-

body had something to contribute and some very intelligent comments came from the discussions.

We are already making plans for our activities next fall. I hope that someone will read this and want to take part in the growth of this group. Just address:

Donald W. Ruden,
Secretary, Channing Club,
809 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40.

* * *

People are so lovely about writing to Dr. Bradley concerning some good he has done in the past and letting him know of the fruits of his labors. We know you will be interested in this letter which refers to a young man who came to WGN in a wheel chair, with the assistance of friends, and whom Dr. Bradley interviewed over the radio at that time. The letter is from Mokenna, Illinois:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I thought you might like to know about some "Bread you cast on the waters" a number of years ago. This is concerning Melvin E. Schoonover, whom you put before the nation one Friday in a broadcast, eleven years ago.

He had just been able to graduate from Monon, Indiana, High School, though not able to attend in person. Through different people and channels he was able to get his B.A. degree at Wabash College Indiana; then his Master's at Indianapolis.

He graduated from Union Theological Seminary, N.Y., last year and is doing settlement work in New York. He also expects to preach on occasion.

Melvin is being married Friday, May 26, at James Memorial Chapel, Union Theological Seminary, Clermont Avenue at 121st St., New York, to Diana Russel Sturgis, who is also

a graduate of the Seminary, and will be a great help to him.

I wish it were possible for me to be at your Anniversary Service Sunday, but my health does not permit (I am seventy-five and have arthritis), but I know it will be great, as your Mother's Day service was last Sunday.

I forgot to tell you, Melvin is still in a wheel chair.

God bless and keep you many more years.

Sincerely,

Ora Spieth (Mrs. S. H. Spieth).

Who is able to measure the magnitude of one kindly, gracious or thoughtful act in this world. And when a seed is sown which falls on fertile soil such as the character of a boy like Melvin E. Schoonover then rich indeed is the reward and the harvest which is finally gathered into the storehouse of the years. All honor and congratulations to Melvin and to the dear girl who is to share his rich life.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

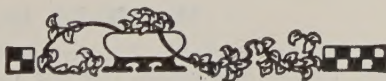
The National Association of Litho Clubs is very desirous of expressing their appreciation for the very inspiring message you brought to their recent convention in Chicago. Your message made all of us realize that "This is the year of decision." This would be a wonderful world if we needed no police, highway patrol, or armed forces. Let us hope and pray that some day this will be true. Again our grateful thanks.

Very sincerely,

Edward L. Bode, Exec. Sec.,
N.A.L.C., Inc.

* * *

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!



SPECIAL SUMMER NOTICE

Our Annual Peoples Church Bazaar will be held, as usual, the second week in November. Each year so many lovely donations come to us too late for us to make what we actually should on them.

If these donations and gifts were only sent to us before September, we would greatly appreciate it. During the summer months the General Chairman will gladly pick up donations if notified.

If every member and every radio listener

would donate one item for each booth this year, we could cut down a great expense, and have the biggest bazaar we have ever had.

Watch The Liberalist magazine for all information regarding the Bazaar.

Mrs. Harry D. Stone,
4950 Marine Drive,
Chicago 40, Ill.

RAvenswood 8-7912 General Chairman

New Members Received Into The Peoples Church

Mrs. Joan Bowden,
808 Lakeside Place
Mr. Robert J. Cuchran,
5639 Pensacola Avenue
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Gilmer,
401 Melrose Street
Miss Anne M. Kemmel,
4180 Marine Drive
Mr. Mark T. Lewis,
7541 N. Ashland Avenue

Mrs. Ida Loe,
4629 N. Winchester Avenue
Mrs. Coletta Porter,
122 S. Michigan Avenue
Mrs. Hudson Ranney,
4804 Sheridan Road
Mr. Edwin C. Shepps,
1905 W. Wolfram Street
Mrs. B. Thatcher,
5220 W. Parker Avenue

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JUNE

- 2—Sermon. Peoples Church
- 3—Commencement Address. Wooster Public Schools, Wooster, Ohio.
- 4—Commencement Address. Henry-Senachwine Consolidated High School, Henry, Illinois.
- 5—Two funerals.
Sick calls.
- 6—Sick calls.
Commencement Address. Streator Township High School, Streator, Ill.
- 7—Commencement Address. Illinois College

- of Optometry, Mandel Hall, University of Chicago.
Attended reception to British Ambassador and wife, English Speaking Union.
Society of Midland Authors Annual Dinner. Fortnightly Club.
- 8—Three Weddings.
 - 9—Morning Sermon. Peoples Church. Closing Service for Summer.
Address. Festival for Children's Day, Vasa Park, Elgin, Ill.
Wedding, Sovereign Hotel.
Left for Europe.

FUNERALS

5—Mrs. Edna B. Nelson

Mrs. Olga A. Cook

WEDDINGS

8—Lena Feitlich and
Charles Verschoore
Evelyn Blombergh and
Raymond Kosloski

Clennie H. Follis and
Edward J. Popp
9—Joan Wickland and
Burton Rovens

We Hold in Loving Memory

Mr. J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder and Director of The Uptown Players for 24 years
Mr. Thomas A. Harrison, Treasurer and Trustee of The Peoples Church for 37 years

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School (From September 15th to August 1st)	9:30 a.m.
Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education.	
Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent	
Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD (September 15th to June 15th) ..	11 to 12 noon
Morning Service Re-broadcast, WSEL, 104.3, FM, Sunday.....	9:30 p.m.
Vespers Broadcast, WCFL, Sunday (resumed in October)	5:30 p.m.
Sunday Evening Service, November to Easter.....	7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures, November to Easter, 1st Weds. of month....	8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club—Opening Luncheon, September.....	12:00 noon
Professional and Business Woman's Club, Opening Dinner, September.....	6:30 p.m.
Men's Club, Opening Meeting, September.....	8:00 p.m.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director. <i>In Memoriam.</i>	
Channing Club for young adults, first and third Sundays	8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed	9:30 p.m.
Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.	
Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave.	7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall.....	7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall.....	3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall.....	3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning.....	11:00 to 12:00 noon
WSEL—104.3 FM Sunday Morning Service Re-broadcast.....	9:30 p.m.

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428 W. Arlington Pl. (14)

MEN'S CLUB

Mr. Arthur George, President
2538 W. Sunnyside Ave. (25)
Mr. Harlow D. Stevens, Vice-Pres.
624 Oakton St., Evanston, Ill.
Mr. Harold E. Hansen, Secretary
2218 W. Carmen Ave. (25)
Mr. G. E. Vail, Treasurer
7746 N. Haskins Ave. (26)
Mr. Frank Bryan, Sergeant at Arms

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder and Director
In Memoriam

CHANNING CLUB

Henry Tap, President
5395 N. Bowmanville Ave. (25)
Barbara Sison, Vice-President
1263 Leland Ave. (40)
Don Ruden, Secretary
809 Lawrence Ave. (40)
Sandra Neubauer, Treasurer
5318 N. Central Ave. (30)

SENIOR GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 97

Mrs. Carl Swanson, Leader
4249 N. Greenview (13)

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187

Miss Joanne M. Plett, Leader, Apt. F-1,
911 Carmen Ave. (40)

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 860

Mrs. Kenneth Hudson, Leader
4531 N. Greenview (40)

BROWNIE CLUB TROOP NO. 630

Mrs. Michael Krauvic, Leader
931 Lakeside Ave. (40)